And he was simply knightly in his at-

tentions. He not only fathomed her thoughts and executed her commands

before she uttered them, but he fre-

quently knew just what she wished

when she was not quite sure of it her-

self. The result was inevitable. There

able in the presence of a newly-rejected

one was enough to sot a girl mad. Flor-

ence was so upset by it that she tried to

she actually felt shamed of herself. He

divined that, too, and told Mrs. Chashy,

corner and patted berself on the back.

in his treatment of Florence. He neither

said nor did any more rade things. He

enfolded her in his protection. He per-

ense of his devotion. But of love he

spoke no wordka made no sign. At the

end of the week he told her he was going

he could not remain longer, as it gave

him great pleasure to think that his humble efforts had contributed to her

they had so combuted. Was it not so?

his summer had been put to the very

This is to tentify that I have tested the medical properties of Dr. J. B. Moore's Tree of Life remedy to my entire satisfaction, and

spring I was affering from loss of appetite, constitution, etc., originating from kidney

and liver trouble, and I had not used one bot

and liver trouble, and I had not used one bot-tile of this creat life remedy until I was creatly relieved. My wife, also, being at a very critical stage in life, was suffering much at times, and by the use of this remedy

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pure and soluble.

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n the United States, while the expenses are very easonable. Send itsents two names of your acquaintances, who should attend some good school and receive a landsome thermometer for your school or home. Full information furnished by addressing. Wm. M. Choan, President or

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ongs; he has used some four bot of Life, and feels and looks a

afflicted everywhere, to be all

in the above statement. Last

Goodby

Well, then, he said, he should feel that

Jarvis Murray sept it up for a week.

inr conduct of this

But he would not be

Again she went off in a

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Yes, that was

JARVIS MURRAY'S CAMPAIGN.

It Olion J. Henderson in New York Times. Some twop e would have said it was Pierence Craven's own fault that she had lost faith in men. Perhaps some people would have been right, and peraps they would not. However, that Letters to do with this story. The ct is what concerns us, and the fact is that Florence Craven did not believe In men. She did not believe much in women, either, but that also has nothing to do with this story. When Florence was 18 years old she had ideals. Every woman has ideals when she is young, just as children have mumps. The girls usually get over their ideals just as successfully as children do over the mumps, and then they settle down to a substantial basis of fact and find that, after all, the world as it is is a very good place-quite as good as the

world of imagination. That is what happens to a girl who has the ordinary run of ideals. These usually consist of a man who is a combination of Richard Cour de Lion, Adonis and the angel Gabriel. That is the kind of ideal that the average young girl sets up for herself. It does not occur to her at first that inorder to be fit for the society of such a man she herself ought to be a combination of Joan of Arc, Venus and Amelia Sedley By and by she finds out that women are not built on that scale, and then she concludes that man may be a little lower than the angels and still Florence Craven, however, did not begin life with such a tremendous demand on human nature. Her idea of a man as not that he should be like Virgil's Dame Rumor, with his feet on the earth and his sublime head among the etars. All she asked was that a man should be tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, frank, patient, humble, earnest, sincere, affectionate, inearnest, sincere, affectionate, in-dustrious, clever with his hands, intellectual and passionately in love with her. It was not much for a young gir to ask, and so Florence demanded it with all her soul and with all her

strength. And the first thing she knew the man arrived. He had the whole of the above cataa logue of qualities except one. He was not in love with Florence. That, however, did not discourage her. She set out to make him love her. It was at a summer resort that she methim, and at first he regarded her sprightly allure ments with a sort of patronizing good nature, which stirred Florence's spirits to their depths. She vowed with a deep determination that she would bring him to herifeet. Several times he seemed to be on the point of saving something very earnest to her, and then the amused look would come back into his eyes and he would say something else. This happened so often that Florence became fiercely hungry for that cornest utterwhich always refused to come One night she even went up to her room and wept bitter tears of vexation, of course, because he would not say it The next day she fished more vigorously. They walked, danced rode together. The gossips of the hotel married them regularly every day, and still be did not say it. And Florence wished more than

ever to hear him say it.

Finally the end of the season came. The September breezes whispered around the corners of the hotel and the September stars looked down on piles of trunks ready to be taken away the next morning. That night he spoke. He said he had been trying to tell her something all summer, but his courage had failed him every time. He felt that he had not been quite right in keeping it to himself so long, but she had made his summer so pleasant that he had really been unable before that minute to tell her that he was going to be married that winter. His sweetheart was in Europe and would be home in And that was the earnest remark of

the man who was tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, et cetera.

Florence took it bravely as far as outward appearances went. She laughed in his face and told him that she had Then she wished known it all along. him joy and ran upstairs. In the invio-late secrecy of her own room she fell flat on her face and staid there for two hours. At the end of that time she arose, looked at herself in the mirrorand smiled a miserable smile. moment her ideals went out of the win. dow and were blown out to sea by the west wind. The next day Florence Craven was a manhater and a flirt of the most desperate character. For two years she cut a swath. Her change of heart was most sincere. She simply despised men. She took pleasure in transfixing them with the arrows of love and seeing them writhe. She had so more pity void of sentiment as Butler's "Analogy." She never made the than a seal hunter, and she was as de-She never made the slightest pretense. She treated all men with sareastic contempt, and they seemed to like it. She counted her victims by the score. She broke up engagements by the dozen. She made regiments of girls jenious. She played Venus Victrix to perfection, and had all the mothers in society wild with a desire to cast her into the bottomless pit.

All except one. Mrs. Chasby Soden had a daughter who didn't go off. She hung fire dreadfully. The only man who had ever shown a disposition to gather her to himself had been switched off by the insatiable Florence Craven, who wrong his heart dry and then sent him packing. Then Mrs. Chasby Soden rose

"That Craven girl has got to be mar-

The only question was who was to marry her? Mrs. Chasby Soden studied that problem long and carefully. and finally she came to the conclusion that she knew the man. Then she sat down to study out a plan by which she could be led to devote herself to Florence and to conquer her. She spent a whole morning in deep thought. At luncheon she appeared with a severe

headache and a written letter.
"It that does not bring him," she said to herself, "I must simply give it

It did bring him. He was Jarvis Murray, Mrs. Chasby Soden's nephew, the son of ber oldest brother, now dead. Jarvis Murray was thirty years old and not pretty to look at. He had a knife scar just above the bridge of his nose, and the rest of his face was corrugated with smallpox marks. He was not tall. but his deep chest and long arms indicated strength. He was not especially bright or cheerful in conversation, having been close enough to death on several occasions to make him rather serious. Jarvis Murray had begun life as a naval cadet. He has been shipwrecked once and had two desperate fights with pirates. He got that cut over the bridge of his nose in one of them. Then he resigned from the navy to accept the command of a vessel. A collision, fire and five days on a raft finished his career there, though he was honorably acquitted of all blame. He decided that dry land would suit him thereafter. He secured a position with an electric company, and was now in a way to become a millionaire. But he was not an attractive man. He knew it, too, and as a rule steered clear of the But Mrs. Chasby Soden suc-

variety and movement has seldom been

equaled in the history of love. It began with some masterly inactivity. The first thing Jarvis Murray did was nothing, and he did it well. He was introduced to Florence, looked at her critically and then walked away. That made Florence angry and filled her with a deep determination to make him notice her-and to her sorrow, of course. "Excellent," said Mrs. Chasby Soden;

"I should say that the first skirmish is "I don't like it," said Jarvis Murray, reflectively. "She is as beautiful and bewitching as you painted her, and I'd rather lie right down at

her feet and surrender. "And be laughed at for your pains? No, my dear boy, do just as I tell you and the most captivating of girls is con'll agree with me that my plan is the only one that will succeed.

Jarvis watched her. He saw her de-liberately draw young Forrest Burney into a proposal and then treat him with a measureless contempt that sent the young fellow away heartbroken. If Jarvis had not been let into the secret of Florence's lack of faith in men he would have called her haartless. As it was he understood that her heart was exceedingly active and was feeding on its own fires. He decided that Mrs. So-

den's plan of campaign was a wise one. "Set a thief to catch a thief," he "It isn't fair. Mrs. Chasby Soden is an old campaigner. She's op to every move on the board. Pity that daughter of hers, my estimable cousin, isn't a man. The mater would have had ber married long ago. But the Craven girl has got the whole field to herself, and now that we're alone, Jarvis, we may as well admit that she deserves it. She's the first girl I've ever seen that I'd like to own. And I'm going to do

The next day Jarvis Murray treated Florence Craven with deliberate indiference all day. He took the trouble to reen within sound of her voice and sight of her eyes so as to let her see that he was indifferent. She tried several times to draw him into conversation, but he answered in monosyllables and then urned to speak to another girl. That night one of the full-dress hops took cace Right in the middle of it Jarvis Murray shouldered his way through the crowd of moths around Florence and

"The next is our waltz, I believe?" You can't put the assurance of his

"I think not," she said. "You are mistaken," he replied, lift-ing her dance card. The dance was not taken. He caimly wrote his name, and showed it to her. "You see, it is my

At that moment the music began, and before Florence could recover her breath he had her floating over the

"Mr. Murray." she said angrily, "your impudence—"
"Mv what?" he asked, looking intently into her eyes.

He knew how to look very hard. He

and once looked a mutiny out of counte-"Your impudence," she began again, but he interrupted her.
"A man would dare anything for

you," he said. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled. Jarvis Murray waitzed like a featherweight angel. He did not say another word to her till the end of the dance. Then he said: "Have you another dance left?"

She had. She had been saving it for a purpose; not this purpose, but she thought now she would let the other He put his name down for that dance and went quatairs to bed. She did not see him till next day. She was weak enough to take him to task for not appearing to claim his dance. He told her ne was sorry she had missed him, and assured her it should never occur again. That made her so angry she would not speak to him again. Then Jarvis Murray turned his attention to making himself agreeable to the ladies. He knew how to do it, too. He had two dozen ideas in as may seconds, and every one of his ideas was fruitful in pleasure to the women. All sought Florence, of course. She wouldn't speak to him, so she was left out of his plans. She sat around the hotel all the afternoon with three or four tall, handsome men who made love to her to the best of their ability, while the other girls went sailing with Murray and had a glorious time. Somehow or other her favorite sport palled on her that afternoon, and, course, she blamed it all on Murray. He met her face to face in the corridor as she was going to her room to dress for dinner. She was going to bass him in dignified silence, but he stopped and held out his hand.

"Won't you forgive me?" he said. looking hard at her. When he looked like that, you would have thought that his soul was leaking out of his eyes.

'Since you are so humble," she said. "I will; but I think you were very

"So do I," he said, touching his lips to the tips of her fingers with a manner almost reverential.

He passed on, leaving her flustered and clated. The man had acted as if he thought her a female deity. After that he went on all the evening making things pleasant for all the other wirls and leaving her out. It was enough to exasperate a saint. Florence was not a saint, and when she retired to her room for the night she was about as thoroughly vexed a woman as ever lived

She actually broke down and had a good old-fashioned cry.
"I'll fix him," she said. "I'll not allow him to treat me in that style. The first attempt he makes at impudence tomorrow ends our acquaintance.

But on the morrow he was not impudent. That was because he had carefully observed her face when she left the drawing room the previous night No, he was anything but impudent. He devoted himself to her for the whole He never left her side. Bathing sailing and driving-he was with her in them all, and no woman could have asked for a more respectful, yet

tender stiention. "Vanquished at last!" exclaimed Florence triumphantly when she had gained the seclusion of her apartment

that night. But he refused to stay vanquished. The next day he devoted himself in precisely the same manner to Mrs. Chasby soden's hang-fire daughter. The finest expert from a medieval court of love couldn't have discovered a shade of difrence in the devotion of this day and that of the previous one. That made Florence wild; but what could she do? That is not the sort of thing that a girl can notice. So she had to swallow her rage and content herself with firting more desperately than ever with a towhaired gentleman who was possessed of a T-cart and a hyphened name. She overdid it, however. She had one or two outbursts of tempers which frightened the young man, and he ran away. About that time she overheard Mrs. hasby Soden saying to one of the oid

Noms on the veranda: "Oh, yes, Jarvis always had a pen-chant for his cousin. I shouldn't be surprised if the unexpected happened

in that quarter.' thought Florence, "that old Ing. bundle of gossip thinks he's going to ceoded in setting him after Florence, marry her Sellie. Well, rather than

and he opened up a campaign that for that I'd marry him myself, and I hate

You see, Jarvis' campaign was getting on finely. A man has got to make a pretty serious impression on a girl when he gets her to hate him, I've always been of the opinion that between a young man and a girl a good, bot, palpltating hatred can give ply three to one. Jarvis had a sneaking notion that she hated him, and he liked it. He wished she would say she hated him. She did, too, the very next day. It came about in a very simple way. They were all in a very simple way. They were all down on the beach. Jarvis insisted that the sand was damp and that Florence most not sit on It. You see, it was one of his days for being attentive to her So he found a short piece of log and a short board. He sat the log up on end and laid the board on it. room enough for two, so he sat down beyours. Watch her for a day or two and side her. Five minutes later he sprang up, apparently oblivious of Florence's existence, to speak to a simpering blonde nonenity. When he sprang up. Flor-ence, of course, went over flat on the sand in about as ridiculous a way as you can perceive. She was so angry she could hardly speak. She would not allow Jarvis to assist her to rise. He apologized very properly, but not very enthusiastically.

"Don't mention it," she said; and then added in an aside: "I hate you!" Murray really appeared to turn pale. "Do you mean that?" he said in a low tone, looking at her with a soul-leaking

"Yes, I do." she answered resolutely. That man's eyes actually filled with tears. He gave her one heartbroken glance; then walked slowly away-and sat nown beside another girl.

While he was looking into her eyes Florence felt that she could forgive him anything. When she sat down beside the other girl she wished she could run a knife through both of them. What was a girl to do with such a man! Florence did not know what to make of him He troubled her mightily. He kept her in a perpetual state of change, from storm to sunshine and back again, like a hot August day with a southwest wind. "How do you like it?" said Mrs.

Chasby Soden to Jarvis Murray.
"I like it and I don't like it. I feel like a casebardened brute when I treat her so badly. But it's going to work. "And you'll stick to it?" "Yes," he sala, grimly; "I love her."

"Mrs. Chasby Soden went off into a corner, and patted herself on the back. When she saw her daughter she astonished that damp-powder young lady with a spontaneous kiss.

That night Florence Craven made s discovery. She discovered that she was anxious. She called it "Interested." But she was anxious to know what Murray meant. Up to the present time she had been unable to tell. The man was puzzle to her and she wished to solve him. The question was, how was it to be done. Sometimes she thought he oved her. When he looked at her with the soul-leaking look she could have sword it. But she remembered that she had no faith in men. So why should she believe in him? But still she'd like to know. She decided that the only plan was to do something desperate.

The next day she went in bathing just as everyone else was going out. Murray stood on the end of the pier and watched her dive off. She was an expert swim-mer. She swam straight out from the shore, and when she was forty or fifty yards from the end of the pier she turned over on her back and floated like a nymph. Murray started to walk away. Then she thew up her arms, uttered a scream and went down. Of course Murray bit. He wasn't going to stand by one go. Do you know what Jarvis dig? and see her drown. He must have cleared twenty feet in his flying dive off was at her side in a few

"I'm all right now," she said panting. "It was just a montenant," You're not all right and you're com-It was just a momentary cramp. She floated, and with one arm under

her he swam toward the pier with her

"What made you jump in after me?"

"Do you think I'd see anything happen to you while the breath of life was in my nostrils?"

A great thrill of joy swept through Florence. It was the first time a great thrill of joy had been caused in her by a man since the era of the tall, hand some, strong, et cetera. She did not like it, on second thoughts. It frightened her. She escaped from him soon as possible when she reached the shore. That night Mrs. Chasby Soden played her right bower. She watched till she saw Florence sitting on the veranda just outside a window. Then she went up to one of the old Nome, who was sitting just inside the same window.

and said: "Do you know, I really believe that Jarvis has proposed to Neilie? I saw them in a corner and he was holdin her hand and talking passionately ther. I stole away, and they didn't se

Florence did not know how she g out of her chair, but she was some d tance away from that window when she recovered her self control, stood still and clasped her hands. Great heaven! Why did she feel that was What difference did it make to ha whether Jarvis Murray proposed Nellie Soden or not? At that mome the miscreant came to her.

"I've been looking for you," he sale don't believe you," she answered He calmly took possession of her a mand walked away with it. She trie to

free herself. "Don't be ridiculous," he said. "I won't stand it," she exclat You are insufferably impudent.

"After pulling you out of the wat": feel a sort of personal interest in you "You didn't pull me out of the water, she answered, losing her mental bal "There was nothing the maiter

He stopped short and looked her in "Honor bright?" the eyes. 'Honor fiddlesticks! "And you did that just to see whether

would try to save you? "Yes, I-ro, what nonsense. I did it ust-just-for fun." He let go of her arm and took both her hands. "Florence, will you be my

"How dare you, sir! How many girls do you propose to in one evening?" Some one has been slandering me. I have never proposed to any other wo-Oh, wasn't she glad to hear that. And

"You haven't answered my question," he said: "Will you be my wife? "What for?"

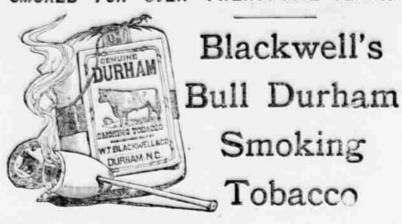
she believed it without a moment's hes-

"Because I love you."

That was her little trlumph. He had made her feel miserable so often, and now she had her chance to be even with him. So she said "no," and then waited. And what do you think he did? Dropped her hands and walked away without another word.

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT OF DAM-

AGES FOR GRADING.

To the owners of all lots and parts of lots and cal estate along the alley running cast and west adjoining lots 30, 31, 22, 32, 43, 53, 53, 53, 38, 38 and 40, in block 4. Campbell's addition, from 20th street to 21st street.

You are hereby notified that the understand, three disinterested fresholders of the city of Omaha, have been duly appointed by the mayor, with the approval of the city council of said city, to assess the damage to the owners respectively of the property affected by grading alley in block 4. Campbell's addition, from 2th street to 21st street, declared necessary by ordinance 3.14, passed June 14, 1852, approved June 15, 1852.

You are further notified, that having accepted said appointment, and duly qualified as required by law, we will on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1882, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forencon, at the effice of T. B. McCulloch, room 842. N. Y. Life building, within the corporate limits of said city, meet for the purpose of considering and making the assessment of damage to the owners respectively of said property, affected by said grading taking into considerat on special benefits, if any.

You are notified to be present at the time AGES FOR GRADING.

f any.
You are notified to be present at the time and place aforesaid, and make any objections to or statements concerning said assessment of damages as you may consider proper. T. B. McCVLLOCM. CHARLES L. THOMAS, G. S. BENEWA. Omaha, June 23, 1892 J24110t

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT OF DAM-AGES FOR GRADING ALLEY FROM 8TH STREET TO 10TH STREET BETWEEN PINE AND

HICKORY STREETS.

HICKORY STREETS.

To the owners of all lots, part of lots and roal estate along the alley from 8th street to the street between Pine and Hickory streets. You are bereig notified that the undersigned, three disinterested freeholders of the city of Omina more been duly appointed by the mayor, with the approval of the city council of said city, to assess the damage to the owners respectively of the property affected by grading the alley from sin to 10th streets between the and Hickory streets declared accessary by ordinance \$1.07\$, passed June B. 182.

You are further notified, that having accepted said appointment, and daily ounlified as required by law, we will on the sta day of July. A. B. 182, at the hour of 10 octors in the forencon, at the colles of T. C. Brunner, floom I ware block, within the corporate linance is and city, need for the purpose of considering the making and assessment of damages to the owners respectively of said property, affected by said grading taking into consideration steelal herefits. If any, You are notified to be present at the time and place aforesaid, and make any objections to or statements concerning said assessment of damages as you may consider proper.

T. B. MCCCLLOCK.

T. G. BRITANES.
T. B. NCCULLOCK.
W. H. GATES.
Committee of Appraisers.
ORANA, June 23, 1892.



NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT OF DAM-AGES FOR GRADING HOWARD

STREET To the owners of all lots, parts of lots and real estate along Howard street from Twen-tleth street to a point 35 feet west of Twen-tisth street and necessary approaches. tieth street and necessary approaches. You are hereby notified that the undersirated, three dishinterested freeholders of the city of Omaha, have been duly appointed by the mayor, with the approval of the city council of said city, to assess the damage to the owners, respectively, of the proncry affected by grading floward street from Twentieth street to a point 25 feet west of Twentieth street declared necessary by ordinance No. 30c, passed June 14, 1892, approved June 15, 1892. one 15, 1807.

You are further notified that having ac-

You are further notified that having accepted said appointment and duly qualified as required by law we will, in the lith day of July. A D. 1862, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the forence in a the office of Suriver & O'Dennhoe, 130. Farnam street, within the corporate limits of said city, meet for the purpose of considering and making the assessment of damage to the owners respectively of said property, affected by said gradier, taking into consideration special benefits. If any. You are notified to be present at the time and place aforesaid and make any objections to or statements concerning said assessment of damages as you may consider proper.

W. G. SHELVER.

GEO. J. PAUL.

JAMES STOCK DALE.

Committee of Appraisers.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT OF DAM-AGES FOR GRADING "D" (FORM-ERLY DOMINION) STREET FROM 9TH STREET TO 13TH STREET.

To the owners of all lots, parts of lots and real estate along "D" formerly Dominion] street from 6th street to 18th street.

You are hereby notified that the undersigned, three disinterested freeholders of the city of Omaha, have been duly appointed by the mayor, with the approval of the city council of said city, to assess the dismance to the owners respectively of the property affected by grading "D" [formerly Dominion] street from lab street to 18th street, declared necessary by ordinance No. 30th passed April 18th, 1855, approved May 3rd, 1852.

You are further notified, hat having accepted said appointment, and duly qualified as required by law, we will on the 8th day of July, A. D. 1862, at the bour of 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at the office of W. H. Gates, No. 623, N. Y. Life but ding, within the corporate finite of said city, meet for the purpose of considering and making assessment of damage to the owners respectively of said property, affected by said grading, taking into consideration special benefits, if any.

You are notified to be present at the time and place afferessid, and make any objections to or statements concerning said assessment of damages as you may consider proper. 9TH STREET TO 13TH STREET.

Omaha, June 24, 1892,

Soft and Stiff Hats.

STETSON'S SOFT and STIFF HATS.

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About the Columbia Preumatic Tire-it wears—Tested to two hundred pounds above riding pressure. A compound tube of rubbers vulcanized with canvas layers—Each part strengthening the others—freatest resistance to puncture—Most resident foad tire-Preudom from lacing, wrarping and other objectionable points. The highest grade tire of scientific simplicity—Absorbately guaranteed for a year. All about it and Columbia's eyeres in our

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of yours. Youhave worked hard for it, haven't you? It wasn't worth a dollar an acre when you settled on it, and now you would'nt take fifty. How long do you expect to live on that place? Would you be surprised if some railroad land agent or claim jumper should come along some dayand tell you to move on? Unless you have a patent on record you are not safe-perhaps not then. Why don't you ask The Bee Bureau of Claims to look into your title and get you a patent that will stick?

-THE--

Bee Bureau of Claims Room 220,

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Weak Limbs Varicose Veins Swellings, all sizes. - Abdominal Supporters, Deformity Braces, Medicinal Supplies. THE

ALOE&PENFOLD COMPANY.

114S. 16th St., Next to Post Office

HAVE YOU FILTO YOUR

CLAIM YET?

You'd better not waste any more time if you expect to get anything from the government. Unless you put your claim on record before March 3, 1894 you will never have another chance. It takes time to put an application in shape, and there is not a bit of spere tima left. Whatever you have lost by the Indians, under the conditions described in the law, can be recovered if you go about it in the right way. The Bee Bureau of Claims knows just how to go to work. Write and find

--THE--

Bee Bureau of Claims Omaha, Neb.

